



Tho. Holley Esq. F. S. A.



Tho. Holley Esq. F. S. A.

Thos. Folger
1000

Not in the Bodleian Catalogue 1843.

Mr Bindley had a copy which produced upwards
of eight guineas at this sale.

C. 30. e. 10.

K Lenton (7)

~~116. 26. L. 27~~

THE
Y O U N G
GALLANTS
WHIRLIGIG:

OR
Y O U T H S R E A K E S.

Demonstrating the inordinate affecti-
ons, absurd actions, and profuse expences,
of vnbridled and affected Youth:

With their extravagant courses, and preposterous
progressions, and averfions.

Together with
The too often deare bought experience, and the rare, or
too late regression and reclamation of most of them
from their habituall ill customes, and vnquali-
fied manners.

Vsitatum peccatum, peccatum non videtur.

Compiled and written by F.L.

Nemo laeditur nisi à seipso.

Ergo:

*Iam vitulos hortare, viamq; insiste domandi,
Dum faciles animi iuvenum; dum mobilis etas. Virg.*

L O N D O N,
Printed by M.F. for Robert Bostocke, at the signe of the
Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. 1629.

THE YOUNG GALLANTS



Published and written by P. F.
LONDON
Printed by M. F. for Robert Bell, at the sign of the
King's Head in Paul's Church-yard. 1650.




TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE,

Sir IULIVS CÆSAR Knight,

Master of the Rolls, and one of his Ma^{ties}

most Honourable Priuy Counsell.

RIGHT HONOURABLE:

 Bseruing the by-paths of this
prodigall generation, and hauing
contracted my selfe within a
smaller, and narrower compasse,
then the loosnes of too many do admit, I thought
it not amisse (seeing examples take no impres-
sion in the liues of lasciuious youths) to ven-
ture vpon a checke to their follies, by way of
precept, in some brieife impolisht Numbers;
suiting with the common enormities of these
times. And in regard that I once belonged to
the Innes-of-Court, and haue a long time
aswell by generall reports, as my owne parti-
A 2 cular

The Epistle Dedicatory.

cular knowledge) beene an eye witnesse of your Loyalty in your Place, Piety in your Family, Clemency toward poore Clyents, Charity to the Needy, and Courtesie to All: I haue presumed (vnder your Honors fauour) to present you with a piece of an houres recreation, licenc'd by good Authority. I am no vsuall Poetizer, but to barre I dleness haue imployed that little talent the Muses haue confer'd vpon me, in this little Tract. If it shall please your Honor but to warme it vnder your Noble wings, no doubt but it will grow bigger and better, and encourage me to write a more large & solid Labor: Accept it then, Right Honorable, and peruse it but with the tytbe of that respect which my duty and deuotion presents it, and none shall be more truly gratefull to your so much honoured Granitie, then

28 MR 59

Your Honors most humbly obliged

FRA: LENTON.



To three sorts of Readers.

You home-bred Dotards wonted to relate
 The tedious stories of a quondam State,
 Tye vp your tongues, and now with admiration,
 Behold the times preposterous alteration :
 If your experience will finde out the truth
 Like Aeson your old age must turne to youth.
 You guilded Snow-balls, and aspiring Sprights,
 That nought discerne but sensuall delights,
 That throw away your dayes before you can
 Truly deserue the Epithete of Man :
 Obserue these Numbers, and impolisht Layes,
 Which though they cannot merit any Bayes,
 May (if you please) as in a looking-glasse,
 Shew you the follies of a golden Asse.
 I doe not Satyrize, but still desire
 In louing zeale, and true fraternall fire,
 To informe your iudgements by some mens decay,
 And by their wandring point you perfect way.
 Precepts are good, but if you them refuse,
 Your owne example may make good my Muse.

TO THE READER.

You tender Blades, not ripened by the Times,
That know, nor Vertue, nor the moderne Crimes,
Whose vnderstandings cannot apprehend
How farre your Will, your Reason doth extend:
Whose softer mindes, and young progressions,
Are apt for any faire impressions:
Behold foule Vice clad in a gorgeous ray,
And pined Vertue patcht in poorest gray:
Take heede in time, be happy if you can;
See, and forsake by this vnhappy Man.
But if according to your youthfull dayes,
You will be mad, and memorate your praise
By your loose Actions; spinning out your thred
In Vanitie, vntill your fatall bed
Surprise you vnawares; and take you hence
Before your soules haue thought of penitence:
Know, when your Ignorance hath had full scope,
You'l curse your selues if ere your eyes be ope,
And thinke too late, of what I finde too true,
As more haue done, as well as I, or you.

28 MR 59

Vale.

*A Fiction by way of Argument
on this Booke.*

Pondering the pathes of this polluted age,
And viewing every Scene vpon the Stage
Of this vile orbe ; me thought I did behold
A giddy spirit in an Isle of Gold ;
His head me thought was like a Wind-mill, bigge,
In which ten thousand thoughts run Whirligigg,
Inclos'd he was (not by delusiue dreames)
With reall lustre of *Pactola's* streames;
In which he proudly sailes with glorious deckes,
Vntill the frigide Zone his passage checkes
By hard congealed Rocks, by which he split
His goodly *Bulke*, shipwrackt himselfe, and it.
But *Neptune* tendring his vnhappy goare,
Commands the waues to cast him on the shoare,
Where when a while in mind he had forecast
His sinne against the gods by times ill past,
Ioue sent his messenger to tell him yet,
Pallas had promis'd wisdom, to his wit,
This rais'd his spirits, and twixt grieve, and zeale,
By bright *Apollo's* ayde, rings youth a Peale.

A Edition by way of Argument
on this Book.

Ordering the pages of this notebook

2002-2003

On the other hand, the

1945-1946

1771-1772

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

1902

1900

and will be glad to see you.

1944

1875

1965 CON - 2000

1992-1993

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

22 ME 50

28 MR 59

1970-1971

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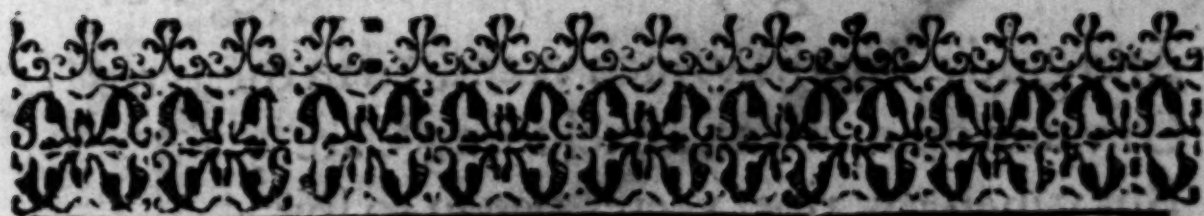
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THE WHIRLIGIG.



Ueuing the learned Axiomes of
old,
Which graue Philosophers haue
wisely told,
And left behind them in a morall
booke,

For childish youth and crooked age to looke;
I doe intend to explicate some Crimes,
Now perpetrated in these moderne times,
Which differ from the olderne dayes as farre,
As is the Artique from th'Antartique Starre.

And thou *Caliope* thou noble Muse,
Into my braines thy Coelique power infuse,
That I may plainly point out my intent,
For youth to know, and knowing to preuent;
And though some Critiques may suppose me vaine
To write these Numbers in heroicke straine;
They being vsed at sad Obsequies,
By weeping lines in dolefull Elegies:
To satisfie their pregnant wits in this,
I tell them I was one of those remisse

2 *The young Gallants Whirligigg : or*

And giddy Youths which wandred in the ayre
Of vaine opinion, and excluding Care ;
But when my riper yeeres began to spy
The end thereof to be but misery ;
And when I saw their fond, and idle crashe
To be like Meteors onely spent in flashe,
I did retire then from that deepe abyffe,
Where horrid *Gorgons* doe both sting, and hyffe,
And dying from that life, as on my *Herse*,
I wrote these Numbers in *heroick Verse*.

But now my *Gallants* Age I meane to skan,
Of Infancy, of Childhood, Youth and Man :
The former two I will but onely touch,
Lest his two following Ages proue too much.

When at his Mothers tender paps hee lay,
How did she wait vpon him euery day,
Tyring her selfe by tossing in her armes
His grissly body, keeping it from harmes.
And when his growth hath lent him legs to goe,
Reeling and tottering then both to and fro,
How often did she watch, and cry, and call ;
Take heed the little Boy there doth not fall :
Her ardent Care, ioynd with her constant Eye,
Did still attend his imbecillitie.
Her wombe and breasts, in which he did delight,
He neuer shall be able to require.

His Childhood next (vnlesse he was a foole)
Required them, to put him vnto Schoole:
Where in processe of time he grew to bee
A pretty Scholler; after tooke degree
I'th *Vniuersitie*, as it was fit,
Whose Tutor said hee had a ready wit,
And well could argue by old *Ramus* layes,
And is the thirteene Fallacies had praise;
Hee well could skill vpon braue *Kickerman*,
And argue soundly ore a Pipe or Can:
For Schollers sometime to an Ale-house creeping,
Increase their wits more then in bookes by peeping.

Now all this while hee had not his full scope,
Therefore they did conceiue of him great hope,
His Tutor was the man that kept him in,
That hee ran not into excesse of Sinne.
His literature fill'd his Parents hearts
With ioy, and comfort, hoping his deserts
Might purchase credit and a good report,
And therefore send him to the *Innes of Court*,
To study Lawes, and neuer to surcease,
Till he be made a Iustice for the peace.

Now here the ruine of the Youth begins,
For when the Country cannot finde out finnes
To fit his humour, *London* doth inuent
Millions of vices, that are incident

4 *The young Gallants Whirligigg* : or

To his aspiring minde ; for now one yeare
Doth eleuate him to a higher sphere ;
And makes him thinke he hath atchieued more,
Then all his fathers auncestors before.

Now thinkes his father, here's a goodly Sonne,
That hath approached vnto *Littleton*,
But neuer lookt on't ; for in stead of that
Perhaps hee's playing of a game at *Cat*.

No, no, good man, hee reades not *Littleton*,
But *Don Quix Zot*, or els *The Knight o'th Sun* :

And if you chance vnto him put a Case,
Hee'll say perhaps you offer him disgrace,
Or else vpon a little further pawse,

Will sweare hee neuer could abide the Lawes :

That they are harsh, confus'd : and to be plaine,
Transcend the limits of his shallow braine.

Instead of *Perkins* pedlers French, he sayes

He better loues *Ben: Iohnsons* booke of Playes,

But that therein of wit he findes such plenty,

That hee scarce vnderstands a leste of twenty ;

Nay keepe him there vntill the day of doome,

Hee'll ne'er reade out *Natura Breuium* ;

But *Ouid*-like against his fathers minde,

Finde pleasant studies of another kinde.

Now twice the Sun his annuall course hath fitted
Since first this goodly Gallant was admitted,

And

Youths Reakes.

And now as hee approacheth towards the Barre;
His friends, and parents, very iocund are;
And to incourage him in the Lawes lore,
He spends much money, and they send him more.
He ruffles now in Sattin, Silke, and Plush,
And oftentimes soliciteth the bush,
Imbroydred suits, such as his father ne'er
Knew what they meant; nor hee knowes how to
This golden Assc, in this hard Iron age, (wweare,
Aspireth now to sit vpon the stage,
Lookes round about, then viewes his glorious selfe,
Throwvs mony here and there, swearing hang pelfe;
As if the splendor of his mightinesse
Should neuer see worse dayes, or feele distresse.
His quoyne expended by alluring hookes,
His parents him supply to buy him bookes,
As hee pretends: but stead of *Cokes Reports*,
Hee's fencing, dauncing, or at other sports.
Thus he affects himselfe in these fond wayes,
To gaine an outward superficiall praise
Amongst a crew, of sense so much bereft,
They scarcely know the right hand from the left.

His dauncing Master he supposeth can
Make him a right accomplisht Gentleman,
Although his birth abridg'd it; therefore hee
Now learnes the postures of the cap and knee;

6 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

Carrying his body in as curious sort,
As any Revellor in the *Innes of Court*,
That Ladies doe behold him with some pleasure
Capring Corantoes, or some smooth-fac'd Measure,
And in the end of his so active dance,
Some crooked Lady claps her hands by chance,
Which addes such fuell to his kindled fire,
That hee outstrips proud *Phaetons* desire.
And should great *Iuno* but approach so nie,
He durst presume to court her Deitie.

Now *Venus* hath him in her louely armes,
And the blind Boy prouokes him with his charms,
Casting from beauteous objects piercing darts,
Which strike fond Louers to their fiery harts;
VVhich being once inflamed still doth burne,
Vntill their fuell vnto ashes turne.
Hee now courts euery thing hee heares or sees,
VVith more delight then Lawyers take their fees.
And when he is farre distant from his Faire,
(Through ardencie) he complements with ayre,
VVishing (Camelion-like) that hee might liue
Inclos'd within the breath which she doth giue:
All amorous conceits he now commends,
And for the same his mony vainly spends:
He now scornes Prose, and on his Mistresse Name
VVrites an Acrostique, or some Anagramme,

To

To shew his wit : and therefore hee hath got
 Some Poetaster for a double pot,
 To lend his aide vnto his thin-sculd braine,
 To paint her praises in a lofty straine,
 By some Encomiastique Adulation,
 To which she hath or small, or no relation :
 The Poet vndertakes it on condition,
 Hee spends a quart of Sacke for expedition :
 And then hee sends it vnto Mistresse *Tit*,
 In his owne name, though by anothers wit.
 Thus when in streets hee shall be seene to passe,
 The Poet sayes, There goes a simple Ass,
 And makes it vnto his Associates knowne,
 Hee writes good lines, but neuer writes his owne.

Your Theaters hee daily doth frequent
 (Except the intermitted time of Lent)
 Treasuring vp within his memory
 The amorous toyes of euery Comedy,
 With deepe delight ; whereas he doth appeare
 VVithin Gods Temple scarcely once a yeare,
 And that poore once more tedious to his minde,
 Then a yeares trauell, to a toiling Hynd.
 Playes are the Nurseries of vice, the Bawd,
 That thorow the senses steales our hearts abroad,
 Tainting our eares with obscene Bawdery,
 Lasciuious words, and wanton Ribaulry.

Charming

8 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

Charming the Casements of our Soules, the Eyes,
To gaze vpon bewitching vanities,
Beholding base loose actions, mimick gesture,
By a poore boy clad in a princely vesture.

These are the onely tempting baits of hell,
Which draw more youth vnto the damned Cell
Of furious Lust, then all the Deuill could doe
Since he obtained his first ouerthrow.

Here Idlenesse, mixt with a wandring minde,
Shall such varietie of obiects finde,

That ten to one his Will may breake the fence
Of Reason, and imbrace Concupiscence.

Or if this misse, there is another ginne
Close linckt vnto this taper-house of Sinne,

That will intice you vnto *Bacchus* feasts,

Mongst Gallants that haue bin his ancient guests,

There to carouse it till the welkin roare,

Drinking full boles vntill their bed's the floare:

Mongst these it is a customary fashion,

To drinke their Mistres health with adoration

On bended knees, tossing whole flagons vp,

Vntill their bellies fill againe the cup;

And when for more they throw down pots & yall,

Their bladders kindnesse is reciprocall,

Swear, lye, stab, kill, adore their Mistres eyes,

More then the Master of th' Olympicke skies.

Thus

Thus more like beasts then men, deuoid of reason,
 They please their pallates, by committing treason
 Against their God, whose Image they deface,
 Obscuring Reason, and abhorring Grace,
 Till *Bacchus* growing hornd, enlarg'd with fury,
 Takes *Atrapos* his place without a lury;
 And who can tell whether *Elizium*
 Receiues their foules, or the infernall tombe?
 VVhat is not apt vnto a drunken soule?
 Euen any thing that is or base or foule;
 From no absurditie it is exempt,
 As daring any action to attempt
 The five great crying Sinnes of this our Land,
 VVhich daily draweth downe Gods heauy hand,
 Are incident to this vile watry sinne,
 That stickes so fast where it doth once begin.
 To sweare, to lie, to kill, to steale, to whore,
 VVith thousand other petty vices more.

Mark but the horrid oathes, that men do sweare,
 As if from heauen their Maker they would teare,
 Adorning as they thinke their forged lyes
 VVith hellish Rhetorique of blasphemies;
 Reiecting that which once the Lord did say,
 Let yea be yea, and let your nay be nay:
 Forgetting what a curse, and fatall blame,
 Shall waite on them that crucifie his name.

To *The young Gallants Whirligigg* : or

Lying the next, in which vaine youths delight,
But such ne'er tarried in *Dauids* sight:
For they that doe inuent and frame such euill,
Are of their damned father, call'd the deuill;
And if in time they looke not well about,
Shall keepe them company that are shut out.

The third is homicide, that cruell Crime,
That seld or neuer doth at any time
Outliue its punishment, for the Law is good
And iust, that doth require blood for blood:
But most of all when done on such false ground,
As in ebrietic is often found.

The fourth is Theft, the droane of Common-
That neuer fauored the goods or healths (wealths
Of Brethren, neighbours, that desire to thriue,
And by hard labour haue increas'd their hiue,
No sooner got, but straight this crafty droane
By rapine takes, and spends it as his owne.
The Law condemnes, the Gall house is prepar'd,
Many are mis'd for this, but few deter'd.

The fift is Whoredome, and Adulterie,
Daughters of Drunkennes, and Gluttonie.
By these and Laziness they are begot,
As once appeared by the righteous Lot:
O! would but once that act had euer bin,
Then wee had scap'd, and Lot had borne that Sin.

And

And now my lusty Gallant still resolu'd
 Into the middle region is inuolu'd,
 Which though it coldest be of constitution,
 Yet doth it not allay his resolution.
 Old *Dædalus* his father being dead,
 He now begins to take a greater head;
 With *Icarus* he purposeth to flye
 As high as heauen, but marke and presently,
 Great *Phæbus* by his power melts his wings,
 And headlong to the Sea his body flings.
 His fortunes drown'd, his corps the fishes prey,
 His fiery braines quencht in the brinish Sea.
 For now his fathers lands, bonds, golden bags,
 Buyes him a coach, foure Flanders Mares, two nags,
 A brace of geldings, and a brace of whores,
 The one for pockes, the other plaines, and moores:
 Viewing his Chariot and his rich attire,
 Makes him belecue the world is all on fire.
 He courts it now euen at the Court indeed,
 Sometimes on Gennet, sometimes English Steed,
 Pacing with Lacques in the paved streets,
 In glory bowing to each friend he meets,
 (Too prodigall of his fain'd Courtesie,
 Which may be term'd a proud humilitie)
 The Estridge on his head with Beauer rare,
 Vpon his hands a Spanish Sent to weare,

12 *The young Gallants Whirligigg : or*

Haires curl'd, eares pearl'd, with Bristovvs braue &
Bought for true Diamonds, in his false sight; (bright
All ore perfum'd, and, as for him tis meete,
His body's clad i'th Silkwormes winding sheete.
Now thus accoutred, and attended to,
In Court and Citie there's no small adoe
With this young Stripling, that obraids the gods,
And thinkes twixt them, and him, there is no ods :
A haughty looke, a more superbiuous minde,
And yet amongst his equals too-too kinde.
A wanton eye, and a lalciuious heart,
That sees no danger, till hee feeles the smart.
Now as where tameft feathered fowles abound,
Foxes keepe station, and walke that round,
So when a raw yong heire is come to land
He shall haue foxes waite on euery hand;
VVhen wealth increaseth to a prodigall,
VVho will profusely waste and spend it all,
There is vaine-glory; and without all doubt
The Flatterer will finde that fellow out,
To soothe him in his grosse and humorous waies,
That neither doe deserue nor loue nor praise :
For when such men doe in applause delight,
They presently beget a Parasite,
VVho by insinuating adulation
Debase themselves to others eleuation :

This

This cringing Serpent Ile no longer smother,
But giue the knaue to him, and foole to th' other.

The Cockpit heretofore would serue his wit,
But now vpon the Fryers stage hee'll sit,
It must be so, though this expensue foole
Should pay an angell for a paltry stoole.
The largest Tauernes of the neatest fashion
Hee doth frequent; hee drinckes for recreation.
Your Ordinaries, and your Gaming-schools,
(The gaine of *Mercuries*, the Mart of fooles)
Doe much reioyce when his gold doth appeare,
Sending him empty with a flea in's eare;
And when hee's gone to one another laugh,
Making his meanes the subiect of their scoffe,
And say, it's pittie hee's not better taught,
Hee's a faire Gamester, but his lucke is nought.
In the meantime, his pockets being scant
Hee findes a Lurcher to supply his want,
One that ere long by playing In-and-in,
VWill carry all his Lordship in a skin:
Yet as insensible of that device,
As minding more his pleasure, Cards and dice,
Before the Sun hath run his circle round,
He in the center of his game is found,
Hazarding that which late was lent vnto him,
Not dreaming any course can quite vndoe him.

14 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

Thus by degrees his patrimonie wastes,
Whilst he nor sees, heares, feeles, or smels, or tastes,
His folly, shame, abuse, deceit, or woe,
That future times may force him vndergoe;
But makes progression in his wonted course,
With as much vnderstanding as a horse;
Burning the cards, damning the dice that lost,
Swearing and cursing, ne'er was man thus crost,
Drinking out sorrow, whiffing sighes away,
Conuerting day to night, and night to day,
As if good Nature had abus'd this wight,
And done him wrong, that did him selfe no right,
O most insensible and sensuall beast,
How are thy intellectuall powvers decreast,
Whose vnderstanding is so much condense
That one would thinke his Soule within his Sense;
For any obiect that the Sense doth moue,
Drawes on affection, and affection loue;
Loue being fetled by its powerfull might
Vpon or good, or bad, attracts delight,
Delight breeds custome, and by times progresse
Engendreth a foule Monster, call'd Excesse:
Excesse ioyes in extreames, whose violence
Is alwayes opposite to permanence:
Thus giuing way to appirituall guile,
They force poore Reason to a farre exile.

But

But stay my Muse, you must not dare to flye,
 Into the secrets of Moraltie,
 But still proceede i'th path you haue begun,
 Vntill the setting of this rising Sun,
 Who in his highest Sphere now seated is,
 In the *Solstitium* of his ayrie blisse.
 Bent to his bane, through prodigall expence,
 Luxury, drunkennes, incontinence,
 Pride of apparell, and vaine glorious acts,
 Painted delusions, ignominious facts,
 Seducing Harlots, sucking Parasites,
 Bewitching Syrens, and lasciuious nights,
 Abusiue cheatings, and illusiue friends,
 That seem'd to loue him for sinister ends,
 Vnfruitfull plots, marches vnfortunate,
 Nocturnall reuellings intemperate,
 VVith millions of deceiuing vanities,
 Throwne in our waies by Sathans treacheries,
 Depriuing men of rich celestiall ioyes,
 For wretched hopes in momentary toyes.

Now being aspired to his utmost pride,
 Each full must haue a wane, as ebb, a tide,
 For hauing by a thousand subtile hookes,
 Squeezed for friends, scribled in Mercers bookes,
 Perceiuing his decay, they summon straight
 Their wits together, and doe lie in waite

16 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

(By the deuils engins) to depriue him quite,
Both of his libertie, and his delight;
And ere hee can behold his wofull case,
He is immured in some wretched place.
This Butterfly with all his garish tyre,
Now melteth like the snow against the fire;
This Grashopper, that th' other day was seene
Capring within his curious silken Greene,
Singing shrill notes vnto the summers praise,
Neuer expected crabbed winter daies,
Till chilling Autumne, with his falling leaues,
Shriuels his body, and his hope deceiues.
His silken garments, and his latten robe
That hath so often visited the Globe,
And all his spangled rare perfum'd attires,
Which once so glistred in the Torch-y Fryers,
Must to the Broakers to compound his debt,
Or else be pawnd to procure him meate.
Now debt on debt they doe accumulate
Vpon his carefull body and estate;
Vowing reuenge vpon his carkasse there,
Sorrowing onely that they did forbear
So long a time, but now the very stones
Will pittie him, before they heare his moanes.
Nor are his Creditors alone obdure,
But euen his Copesmates, whom he thought so sure
Shall

Shall shrink like slimy snails into the shell,
 Whilst he his plaints vnto the walls doth tell,
 Whose friendship was ingendred by the Sun
 Reflecting on their base corruption.
 Nay more, his bosome friends (whose neer relation
 Should ne'er admit of any separation)
 Come slowly on, as sorry for his griefe,
 But haue not wherewithall to yeeld reliefe.
 And as the nature of the world is such,
 To giue the needlesse, and the needy grutch,
 So this dejected man, borne to this fate,
 (As if thereto hee were predestinate)
 Is now deny'd, who in his prosperous dayes
 Did winter them that winke at his decayes
 For now the equall Iustice of the Time,
 Requires each man to keepe within his clime,
 For if hee straggle from his limits farre,
 (Except the guidance of some happy starre
 Doe rectifie his steps, restore his losse)
 He may perhaps come home by weeping crosse.

Now doth his soule begin to gather light,
 Which makes his vnderstanding farre more blight,
 Now doth the filme of his obscured soule,
 Weare off; and manly Reason doth controule
 The vagrant Vill, and this stingy Appetite,
 Yeelding vnto the Soule, her due, and right.

18 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

Now is his braine more solid and more dry,
By apprehension of his misery,
And not so apt to fancies wandering,
That ne'er remaineth firme in any thing.
Now with his heart hee wisheth that hee had
But two full yeares of those which were so bad;
But all too late, for time doth alwayes passe,
But ne'er imployes a retrograding glasse.
Now he commendsthe Bee (though void Reason)
That hoards in summer, for the winter season,
Admiring much the fabricke of their Cell,
And how they fortifie that Cittadell:
A wonder tis to see what they inuent,
Both for their lodging, food, and gouernment;
For, as some graue Philosophers haue showne,
Each Bee eats nought but that which is her owne.
O! thinkes hee now, had I but kept my store,
I needed not my carelesnesse deplore,
Or had my younger daies afforded wit,
To spend no more, then what I now thinke fit;
Had no insinuating Droanes come neere
My plentifull hie, I neuer had come here.

Another while he lookes vpon the Ant,
Sees her great plenty, feelles his greater want,
Admires her prouidence that laboured still
Her winter barnes in summer time to fill:

Wonder

Wonder of Nature, hater of all sloath,
 The most laborious, though of smallest growth.
 Lastly, looks backe with a dejected eye
 Vpon his pampred daies, sports, libertie,
 His midnight reuels, and abundant wine,
 He sacrificed vnto *Bacchus* shrine,
 His bowles of Nectar, fill'd vp to the brim,
 In which he to his Marmosite did swim;
 His Oysters, Lobstars, Caviare, and Crabs,
 With which he feasted his contagious drabs;
 Oringoes, Hartichoakes, Potatoc pies,
 Prouocatiues vnto their luxuries;
 His Musickes Consort, and a curled crue,
 That vs'd to drinke, vntill the ground look'd blew,
 Mongst painted Sepulchers, that loue excesse,
 Who inwardly are full of rottenesse.

Thus when he viewes with a more perfect sight,
 His shining morne turn'd to a gloomy night,
 And all his glory, pompe, and vaine expence,
 To haue their due reward, and recompence;
 Then bursting forth with acclamation,
 He blames this wicked generation,
 Cursing his follies, and the subtle snares,
 That in his darknes caught him vnawares,
 Being forced now thorow his owne decay,
 To wish the fragments, erst he threw away,

20 *The young Gallants Whirligigg: or*

To quench his thirst with that inebrious cup,
 Which indigested hee had belched vp:
 As if the heavenly power had thus ordain'd,
 Profuse expence should be with want restrain'd,
 And marke the vnresisted hand of heauen,
 That whatsoeuer Talent it hath giuen
 Of wit or wealth, it is to some good end,
 To praise his God, or to relieue his friend:
 But he that still in idle waste is found,
 Is worse then hee that hid it in the ground.

I that haue sense of blessings, and of woe,
 In my lifes compasse yet did neuer know
 An Epicurious, and disordred minde
 Want his affliction in the selfe-same kinde:
 For drunkenness, they thirsting haue acquit,
 And wanted meate, when they haue much desir'd;
 In stead of health, by Feuers they shall melt,
 For wandering, want of liberty is felt.
 Thus every act hath its opposing ill,
 Inflicted on it by the Highest will.

This Gallants circuit, and iteration,
 Is almost finisht in a lower station,
 Whose meagre body pinde away with griefe,
 (For want of seasonable friends reliefe.)
 Howerly watcheth when the day shall come,
 To lay his body in an earthly tombe:

Yet oftentimes hope doth awake his spirit, and
 And tells him one day yet hee shall inherit
 His freedome, and release, which being done,
 Another course he doth intend to run,
 So moderate, and graue, that by the power
 Of him that sits in the immortall tower,
 His second life hatcht by supernall fire,
 Cooperating with a true desire
 To rectifie his former follies past,
 Shall make him shine a brighter star at last.

Epilogue.

You blyth yong Rufflers, that do looke so big,
 Laugh at the precepts of this *Whirligig*;
 Mock on with faserie both your selues & me,
 Foster your pleasures whilst the golden tree
 Beares fruit enough; glory in what you may;
 Till lusty youth is vanished away;
 Sport like the wanton Flie about the light,
 Vntill your glorious wings be burned quite;
 Dance like the fish vpon the gentle brooke,
 Vntill you swallow both the baite and hooke;
 Play with the Pitfall till you vnaware
 Are clapt vp fast, or tangled in a snare.
 Doe what you please, no counsell Ile bestow
 On those whose pregnant wits doe ouer-flow:

22 *The young Gallants Whirligigg:*

But leaue them to the mercie of their Fate,
To know themselues before it be too late :
For this by true experience I doe finde,
Misery, the salue to cure a haughty minde.
This *Epitaph* if any doe deny,
May one day proue his weeping *Elegie.*

*Desine plura puer ; & quod nunc instat, agamus,
Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.*

*nam quis iniquae
Tam patiens vrbis ; tam ferreus ut teneat se.*

F I N I S.

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